The which he lackes, that to prouoke in him
Are many simples operatiue, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
Cord. All blest secrets, all you vnpublisht vertues of the earth,
Spring with my teares, be aidant and remediat
In the good mans distresse, seeke, seeke for him,
Least his vngouernd rage dissolue the life,
That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. Newes Madam, the British powers are marching hetherward.
Cord. Tis knowne before, our preparation stands
In expectation of them, ô deare Father,
It is thy businesse that I go about, therefore great *France*,
My mourning and important teares hath pittied,
No blowne ambition doth our armes insite,
But loue, deare loue, and our aged fathers right,
Soone may I heare and see him. *Exit.*

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brothers powers set foorth?
Stew. I Madam.
Reg. Himselfe in person?
Stew. Madam with much ado, your sister's the better Soldier.
Reg. Lord *Edmund* spake not with your Lady at home?
Stew. No Madam.
Reg. What might import my sisters letter to him?
Stew. I know not Lady.
Reg. Faith he is posted hence on a serious matter,
It was great ignorance, *Gloucesters* eies being out,
To let him liue, where he arriues he moues
All hearts against vs, and now I thinke is gone,
In pitty of his misery to dispatch his nighted life,
Moreouer to descrie the strength of the Army.
Stew. I must needs after him with my Letters.
Reg. Our troope sets foorth to morrow, stay with vs,

The

The wayes are dangerous.
Stew. I may not Madam, my
businesse.
Reg. Why should she write
Transport her purposes by wo
Something, I know not what,
Let me vnseale the Letter.
Stew. Madam Ide rather——
Reg. I know your Lady doe
I am sure of that: and at her la
She gaue strange aliads, and m
To Noble *Edmund*, I know yo
Stew. I Madam.
Reg. I speake in vnderstandi
Therefore I do aduise you take
My Lord is dead, *Edmund* and
And more conuenient is he for
Then for your Ladies: you ma
If you do finde him, pray you g
And when your mistris heares
I pray desire her call her wisedo
If you do chance to heare of th
Preferment fals on him that cu
Stew. Would I could meet hi
What Lady I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well.

Enter Gloster

Glo. When shall we come to
Edg. You do climbe it vp no
Glo. Me thinkes the ground
Edg. Horrible steepe: hearke
Glo. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other se
By your eies anguish.
Glo. So may it be indeed,
Methinkes thy voice is altered,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34